

## "WILD MANIAC" ROUGH-HOUSED WHOLE ASYLUM

Scared His Roommate, Tried  
to Kill Woman Nurse and  
Dived Out of Window.

CHASED DOWN STREET.

Baptiste Fettered With Har-  
ness and Finally Taken  
Away by Four Men.

Auguste Baptiste, a husky carpenter,  
left Dr. Willis a private sanitarium at  
No. 54 Ocean Parkway, on the road to  
Coney Island, to-day in an ambulance  
with two policemen, a coachman and a  
doctor sitting in the ambulance. He  
stayed in the sanitarium just two days,  
and the physician in charge, who is a  
conservative man, figures that it will  
take at least two weeks for the patient  
and the attendants to get back where  
they were before he came, speaking  
with regard to their several nervous  
systems.

Baptiste, who has been living with  
his wife and a family at No. 47 Irving  
place, Brooklyn, was brought to Dr.  
Willis on Thursday.

Dr. Fritzsche, a surgeon from the Ger-  
man Hospital, who had him in charge,  
said the carpenter was suffering from  
a mild mania, and that his people were  
willing to pay for his keep at the  
sanitarium, believing that with rest  
he would soon recover.

Dr. Willis does not customarily take  
in deranged persons. But this patient  
seemed so docile and had so mild and  
sensible an eye that he was given a bed in  
a large front room upstairs. An old man  
suffering with chronic liver trouble was  
to become his room mate.

Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock a sudden  
Baptiste got violent. He said something  
was trying to poison him. He scared  
his elderly fellow-roomer so that he  
hastily fled. Two women nurses tried to  
quiet him, and he hung them about the  
room regardless of fixtures and the cost  
of white paper.

William Burke, the man who drives  
the sanitarium carriage, came from the  
stables. After a hard fight Burke, who  
is a powerful man, finally got Baptiste  
down on the set and pinned him there  
until the nurses could bind the lunatic's  
limbs. There were no ropes about the  
place and no time to get any. So for  
fettters they used parts of harness to  
strap up the carpenter. It was single  
harness, and Baptiste, being large, got  
a fair fit, considering everything.

Dr. Willis at once communicated with  
Dr. Fritzsche at the German Hospital. He  
insisted that he didn't want Baptiste  
as a boarder any longer at any  
price. So yesterday an ambulance with  
a surgeon and a policeman came from  
the Kings County Hospital, which is a  
public institution.

Baptiste laid himself quiet. His  
blue eyes looked out over a martingale  
and a kicking strap with so cow-like  
a stare that the surgeon saying he  
could not assist him in any way but  
a violent lunatic went away and left him.  
Baptiste remained quiet most of last  
night. But early to-day he somehow  
worked loose from his fetters and  
traces and traces.

When Miss Lillian Davis, the head  
nurse entered the room, Baptiste was  
on the bed half dressed. She tried to  
get out again, but he was too quick.  
He jumped from the cot, seized the  
young woman and began choking her.  
She tried to fight free, all the time  
screaming in terror. At last she  
overpowered him and he was taken to  
the hospital.

Baptiste released the half-fainting  
nurse and dived first through the  
hole he had made in the window sash.  
He struck in the soft earth of a flower  
bed two floors below, and in an instant  
was up and running.

Burke, reinforced by several citizens  
of the vicinity, who had stayed at home  
because of the wild mania, ran the  
lunatic down after a chase which cov-  
ered many front yards and cross  
streets. This time when the ambulance  
came there was no question about taking  
him, but the four men who kept him  
in the wagon during the trip.

At the hospital he is in a strait  
jacket.

## STORM MOVES NORTHWARD.

Warning Signals Ordered Out All  
Along the Coast.

The local Weather Bureau has re-  
ceived the following special from Wash-  
ington:

"A continued northeast storm warning  
ordered displayed at 12:30 P. M. at all  
points between New York and New  
York. Storm central of Virginia coast,  
moving northward."

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## Devotion, Cheerfulness and a Sense of Humor The Three Qualities Most Essential in a Wife

So Says Mary Stuart Cutting, Author  
of "The Wayfarers," Who Has  
Made a Study of the Problems  
of Married Life.

LOVABLENESS, NOT BEAUTY,  
WOMAN'S BEST ATTRACTION.

Don't Be Teartful and Don't Make  
Scenes, Her Advice to Wives, for  
Tears Win No Battles and  
Scenes Destroy Affection.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Children, lives in a charming home at No. 17 Evergreen avenue, East Orange.

Her new book, "The Wayfarers," tells the story of a wife, Lois Alexander, who, through selfishness and a morbid tendency to fancy herself "injured," came very near losing her husband's kingdom, "home and the heart of her husband." Lois, however, through a realization of her morbidness and a determination to overcome it, regains the kingdom. And Mrs. Cutting, from her specific case, drew some conclusions equally interesting to wives and husbands.

Lovableness the Wife's Best Asset.

"What," I had asked her, "is the quality most attractive in a wife? It isn't beauty. Beauty is only the bait. You may use a brilliantly colored fly if you want to, but most fish—and most men—will snap even at the lowly garden worm."

"No, it's not beauty," Mrs. Cutting conceded, "although a wife must always seem beautiful to her husband, must always attract him. The other day I heard some people wondering why a certain man had married a certain woman. They thought her uninteresting, lay, many unattractive things. And then one day her husband, by a chance phrase, explained it. 'She was lovely.'"

"Do you know," he said, "in all these years I have never once left my wife in the morning without a pang?"

"Wives," continued Mrs. Cutting, "think too much of what their husbands should do; not enough of what they themselves should do. After all, a wife is the homemaker. If there is a girl yawning between husband and wife it is the latter generally who must bridge it."

"Many people are content to get very little out of marriage, but the tendency of the times is, I believe, an earnest effort to extract the best from it. To do this requires unselfishness and devotion. Nothing can be gained in marriage by selfishness."

"Do you agree with many critics that an American wife is selfish?" I inquired.

"American wives," replied Mrs. Cutting, "are at once very devoted and very one-sided. How many of them know anything of their husbands' business, the lack of light and air under which men are often compelled to labor? I treated the subject in a story, 'The Suburban Whirl,' which you may have read."

"But aren't you presenting a brief for the husbands?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Cutting protested. "I am sure wives should know these things. I merely ask the question."

"It is difficult to generalize about marriage. We may say mutual sympathies, similarity of tastes, &c., make a happy home, but that means very little. Some husbands like to discuss their business with their wives; others dislike using their wives as a sounding board. Some husbands like to talk 'shop' when they go home. But all men respond to cheerfulness and devotion. It is impossible to be too devoted—where one loves."

"Women talk to their husbands too much about their own troubles. There are many disagreeable things that a man takes as part of the day's work and never thinks of mentioning. But there are very few annoyances a wife encounters that her husband doesn't hear all about."

Tears Win Battles, but No Skirmishes.

"In 'The Wayfarers,'" I said, "reverting to Mrs. Cutting's latest study of marriage, 'The wife sits up very late one night for her husband, and when he finally comes in is so hysterical from her sense of injury that she rushes past him saying, 'I'm going out,' and he follows her into the rain and leads her home. I remember you said that 'tears felt relieved, appeared, but"

"The qualities most essential in a wife are, I think, cheerfulness and a sense of humor. Women tend to take things too seriously. They are too introspective, too analytical. A wife may possess or lack almost any quality provided she is lovable. That she must be."

Mary Stuart Cutting—who may be called the "philosopher of the married," since her "Little Stories of Married Life," and her new novel, "The Wayfarers," deal mainly with the problems and the romance of double harness—was formulating at my request her views on her interesting and chosen theme. Mrs. Cutting, who is herself a widow, the mother of five children, lives in a charming home at No. 17 Evergreen avenue, East Orange.

Ben Jones Picked Animal Up on the Street After Owner Deserted Him.

It was one Sunday morning early in April—neither Ben Jones's new-made widow nor any of Ben Jones's friends remember the date, but they know it must have been on a Sunday, or else Ben would have been at work trucking for Simon Hess—when Ben Jones came strolling through Seventh avenue. It was a big two-hundred Carolina darkey that never knew an ache or pain, unless he mashed his black fingers under a packing case or put too much pepper on his pork chops.

At the Nineteenth street corner two white men were having an argument. It was easy for Ben Jones to see they were fussing over a small silver-haired terrier pup that one of them held by a string.

"But I don't want him," one of them was saying. "You told me not half an hour ago right here on this very crossing that he was a gentle little mutt, and he buys him and takes him home, and he no sooner gets there than he begins to snap at all his kids and puts the whole place on the bang. I gotter take full of kids and I can't be takin' no chances on one of 'em gettin' dog bit and doctors' visits two a throw. You take your pup back and scumme my money."

They Abandoned the Dog.

"Nix on that rough stuff," said the other man. "You bought him for a dog and a half and he's yours. I don't lose interest in the pup and you, too. On your way."

So after some more of that kind of talk, first one going it and then the other, the two white men parted and went away in opposite directions, leaving the silver-haired pup to keep the loose end of his string.

"Well, that's a shame," said Ben Jones, "goin' on and leavin' a perfectly good little dawg like that all by hisself. I'll do it 'im home to Lizzie. She been wantin' a dawg for a long time."

He gathered the abandoned mutt up in his arms. The pup repaid the kindness by poking his head up, and as Ben Jones bent over him the terrier nipped him in the upper lip.

"Po little thing," he sneered, said Ben Jones, tucking the pup down his arm. "He ain't no harm in that dawg of he's treated like folks. I'll do it 'im home to Lizzie. She been wantin' a dawg for a long time."

Ben Jones, the heavy-weight girl of the One Hundred and Forty-seventh street Public School, has been missing from her parents' home, No. 244 Eighth avenue, since 7 o'clock Wednesday morning.

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MRS. MARY STUART CUTTING

BITE BY DOG  
HE B FRIENDED,  
DIES OF RABIES

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SOLDIER FOUND  
DEAD OUTSIDE  
FATHER'S HOME

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## WAR HEROES IN THINNED RANKS HONOR THE DEAD

March Up Riverside Drive and  
Pass in Review Before  
Gov. Hughes.

RAIN SCATTERS CROWD.

Downpour Just After Parade  
Ends Prevents the Deliv-  
ery of Speeches.

Under lowering skies and sprinkled  
by occasional showers, three Memorial  
day parades moved through the streets  
of Greater New York this morning. But  
the parades were the limit of the cele-  
bration of the day.

Sparingly had the last of the marchers  
passed the reviewing stands when the  
clouds dropped their stores of moisture  
in sheets. The dispersal of the throng  
around the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monu-  
ment in Riverside Drive amounted al-  
most to a stampede. The same condi-  
tions prevailed in Brooklyn and the Bronx.

Only one of the outdoor assemblages  
scheduled for this afternoon were called  
off. Tens of thousands who had gone  
to the army and the navy in the  
early morning took up sad and soggy  
trails for home.

The exercises at the Soldiers' and  
Sailors' Monument had been in progress  
about half an hour when the downpour  
of rain called a halt. The speech of  
the Rev. John Wesley Hill, pastor of  
the Metropolitan Temple, was not de-  
livered because the reverend orator said  
he did not feel like keeping the people  
standing in the rain. At the same  
time he recalled that devotion the audi-  
ence was in full retreat in the direction of  
Broadway. Gov. Hughes, who had re-  
viewed the parade, was one of the last  
to leave.